

Saint Mark's Day;
K OR,
KING JOHN'S FREEMEN.

A POEM:

COMPREHENDING
AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN AND CEREMONY
OF
MAKING FREE BURGESSES AT ALNWICK,
IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

BY A NATIVE OF ALNWICK.

To which are added,
THE BELLOWS; or, Country Jaunt.
LOVE IN AN OVEN; or, The Parochial Batch.
AND
THE SAILOR AND THE MONKIES.

LONDON:

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20th March's Day:

KING JOHN'S FREEMAN.



AN ACT OF THE PARLIAMENT

IN THE FIRST YEAR OF THE REIGN OF KING JOHN

RELATIVE TO THE FREEMANSHIP OF THE CITY OF LONDON

IN THE FIRST YEAR OF THE REIGN OF KING JOHN

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IN THE FIRST YEAR OF THE REIGN OF KING JOHN



1801

TO THE MOST NOBLE

H · U · G · H,

DUKE AND EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

BARON OF WARKWORTH, &c. &c.

Lord Lieutenant of the said County;

THE FOLLOWING POEM OF

S A I N T M A R K ' S D A Y

IS (WITH THE MOST RESPECTFUL DEFERENCE)

HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS GRACE'S EVER DEVOTED,

MUCH OBLIGED, AND

VERY OBEDIENT SERVANT,

J. V.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

H. U. G. H.

DUKE AND EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

BARON OF WILTON, &c.

Lord Lieutenant of the said County;

THE FOLLOWING TO WIT:

SAINTE MARK'S DAY

IN (WITH THE MOST RESPECTFUL DEFERENCE)

HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS GRACES EVER DEVOTED,

MUCH OBLIGED, AND

VERY OBLIGED SERVANT,

J. V.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

THE Writer of the following pages, convinced that an apology is due to the Public, for the freedom he thus takes in obtruding on their patience these poetic trifles, respectfully entreats permission to state his motives for such obtrusion.

It never was his intention to introduce these ill-formed bantlings to the Public Eye; but Diffidence at length yields to Friendly Persuasion---and they are now reluctantly submitted to the torrid ordeal of Criticism.

The three first pieces are the effusions of his Infant Muse, who (though but feebly) attempted to climb the Parnassian Mount at the age of Fifteen---with what degree of progress, a candid Public will best determine. Be that as it may, he retains this consolatory reflection, that, although the imbecility of his efforts may compel him to roam on the lowest limits of that sacred seat of the Tuneful Nine, he is not the first who has failed in the attempt to soar to its lofty summit; and that his aspiring Pegasus has ever been winged with good intentions.

With respect to the poem of Saint Mark's Day, the Writer will make one observation. The story borders so
b *closely*

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

closely upon improbability, that when he has related it in a promiscuous company in London, it has been received with that kind of negative laugh, which may be naturally supposed to impeach veracity---or, construing it in a milder sense, to imply that he had delivered a fiction or fairy tale of King Arthur's days!

Thus the repeated solicitations of Friends, added to his own desire of dispelling those clouds of doubt, which nearly amount to a total disbelief of the actual existence of such a ceremony as that observed in taking up the freedom of Alnwick, are the Writer's sole inducements to undertake this publication.

11 7 49

KING

GRAND M. JACOBINE 1804

1804

1804
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1804

Entered at Stationers Hall.

ERRATA.

Page 1, line 4, for Will read Will.

—, — 6, for fluently read fluently.

—43, — 12, for strike read strife.

INVOCATION.

O TEACH me, ye Muses! to sing,
With energy temper my note;
A flask of the Helicon spring
Will set all my numbers afloat.
Would I could, like Homer of yore,
Or Virgil, who fluently sung,
To Fancy's high pinnacle soar,
Sublime as a Milton or Young!---
But hold!---why the Muses invoke,
In such a trite subject to aid;
Say, can't a dull ditty be spoke,
Divested of pomp and parade?

B

The

(2)

INVOCATION.

The story I mean to rehearse

Can never be deem'd the sublime;

It matters not, therefore, what verse, .

So I can but manage the rhyme.

Let those, who, in loftier lays,

Support the poetical cause,

Unenvy'd enjoy the proud bays,

I seek but a sprig of applause :

My Muse but endeavours the scheme

Of a whimsical monarch to sing ;

The critic may snarl at my theme,

I scorn the sharp point of his sting.

So here I go to it, ding dong,

Nor heed the proud cynical elf ;

For he that finds fault with my song,

May try to write better himself.

SAINT

SAINT MARK'S DAY.

PART THE FIRST.

*KING JOHN made as comical rules,
As any Prince e'er on a throne ;
He thought all his people were fools,
Because he'd no wit of his own :
Or faith he had never gone forth,
To traverse so barren a ground,
Or journey'd so far to the North,
Where nothing but evil is found,
Indeed such a dastardly tool,
Who barter'd his crown to the Pope,
Condemn'd as a knave and a fool,
Should dance his last jig in a rope!*

The

(4)

SAINT MARK'S DAY: OR,

The monarch, while hunting one day,

Plump'd into a pool to the chin ;

His followers, struck with dismay,

To succour their master, plung'd in.

In the slough you'd have laugh'd to behold

The King with his nobles around ;

But had not the courtiers been bold,

His Majesty might have been drown'd :

They paddled about here and there,

Like ducks in a mill-pond at play ;

A levee so novel and rare

Is not to be seen ev'ry day!—

At length, having dragg'd the King out,

His Majesty shivering stood,

And shook his wet garments about,

Like a spaniel emerg'd from a flood.

But what the contents of the pool,

To mention the Muse must decline ;

A nice philosophical rule

Alone could the matter define ;

In

*In the slime, we may fairly suppose,
Some venomous vermin regal'd;
For while they stood shaking their clothes,
A noxious rank hogo exhal'd.
The King was a comical man,
And deem'd this a lack of respect;
So straightway concerted a plan,
To punish the town for neglect:
And therefore a royal decree
His whimsical noddle produced,
That no man a burges's should be,
But who, like himself, had been sluiced.
Thus had not his Majesty traced
His route through so dirty a hole,
Their franchise had never been placed
In this unaccountable goal.*

PART THE SECOND.

DOLL SQUINT was as bonny a lass,
 As Willy could wish for a wife,
 And well for a beauty might pass,
 Where beauties are not very rife :
 She had one advantage in sight,
 Of which many girls are bereft---
 While staring, you'd think, to the right,
 Her optics inclin'd to the left :
 Withal she was buxom and plump,
 But this her perfection the chief,
 Each rubicond cheek seem'd a rump
 Of well-season'd juicy hung beef.
 Full many a day the fond youth
 The force of his passion declares,
 He kisses and hugs---but, forsooth,
 Doll flouts with fantastical airs :

“ Begone ! ”

" Begone, silly fellow, don't teaze,

" But let your vain passion subside ;

" I may, any day that I please,

" Become a rich burges's bride :

" Tom Shuttle, the lad for my spouse,

" Has forty bright guineas in store,

" A sum that will purchase two cows,

" And horses to graze on the moor." --

" Is Tom the rich freeman you mean ?"

Cries Will with a look of disdain :

" With that ninnyhammer, I ween,

" A mighty great prize you'll obtain.

" My father will never refuse

" To give me full double that store,

" To purchase both horses and cows,

" And sheep too, to graze on the moor.

" Besides, now, you know well enough,

" Tom's no more a freeman than I ;

" And faith, on Saint Mark's Day, his stuff

" I'm fully determin'd to try :

" Let

(8)

SAINT MARK'S DAY: OR,

" Let him, who the boundaries wins,

" The heart too of Dorothy gain."

" Content !" replies Doll, " the first in's

" The lad that my hand shall obtain."

PART THE THIRD.

THE vernal-ey'd morn of Saint Mark

Sets keen emulation aloof ;

And all must arise with the lark,

Who wish for an ocular proof :

At dawn the hoarse bellowing crowd

With plaudits the firmament fill,

While coblers and taylors are proud,

To prove their equestrian skill.

All those, whom the Council ^(a) o'er night

Deem candidates fit for the Well,

Assemble at earliest light,

Conven'd by the sound of a bell.

Each

*Each drest in his finest array,
With rusty old sword by his side ;
Don Quixote could never display,
Or strut with more ludicrous pride.
The bailiff of Percy ^(b) presides,
Whose mandate is law to the whole ;
Proud as a field-marshal he rides,
And none dare his prowess controul.
The figure Will Cabbage display'd
Was truly grotesque on his back ;
For, quite emblematic of trade,
He strode like his sheers on the back :
And Shuttle his nag much annoy'd,
Nor prov'd a less troublesome groom ;
While mounted each limb was employed,
The same as if working his loom.
Arriving at Claypath's ^(c) old gate,
The aid-du-camps ^(d) give the command,
That all the procession shall wait,
In due taciturnity stand :*

D

Now

Now "draw!" is no sooner proclaim'd,
Than many vain efforts are made;
Poor fellows! how can they be blam'd?
For rust will arrest an old blade:
Some try with the right hand to draw,
By others the left is apply'd;
What else could the lad do, who saw
His sword buckled on the wrong side?
The bailiff and people the while
Stand grinning and shewing their teeth,
Till every blade, rough as a file,
Reluctantly creeps from its sheath;
Which, brandish'd aloft in the air,
To prove the proud trophies they'd won,
Not one gleam of lustre could spare,
To dance in the rays of the sun.
Thus marshal'd in pompous array,
The cavalcade moves to the Well,
Preceded by fiddlers that play
To melodize mountain and dell.

A claim

*A claim on Saint Margaret's farm
John's burgessees ever entail ;
The farmer, to make their hearts warm,
For water (e) must barter his ale :
Quite dust-choak'd, they guzzle and swill
With pleasure the beverage strong,
Nor trouble the host for his bill,
But pompously travel along ;
Till reaching the verge of the slough,
Each novice is speedily dight,
With bobs of red ribbons or blue,
To decorate garments of white.
Our lovers, the laurel to win,
Are goaded by eager desire,
And, plunging precipitate in,
They wallow like pigs in the mire :
So doughty Leander of old,
Fair Hero to gain for his bride,
Inspir'd with a promptitude bold,
Embraced the rough Hellespont tide.*

But

*But woe to the squat and the short,
Poor pigmies! they meet a sad fright;
While those of Colossian port
Derive great advantage from height.
Some neighbouring farmers around,
('Mong clowns there are jocular men)
Had rais'd in the centre a mound,
Secluded from ocular ken :
This wily contrivance, alas !
Disasters had like to have bred ;
For some, in attempting to pass,
Precipitate heels over head :
But gaining a footing once more,
Of drowning the danger beyond,
Promiscuous they drive to the shore,
And reach the extreme of the pond.
Divested of garments all wet,
And quickly array'd in their own,
They mount, and right clumsily set,
Prepare to return to the town.*

PART THE FOURTH.

NOW marshal'd the same as before,
With music attending them still,
The company gladly explore
Progressive o'er valley and hill :
Till reaching a place (f) in the way,
Where right gives a truce to their toil ;
Each freeholder present must pay
A fee to the lord of the soil (g).
Nor yet can the freemen allow
One jot of their charter to sleep ;
Dismounting, each young one must throw
A stone on the privileg'd heap (h) :
Intended, no doubt, to divest
The land of its numberless stones ;
Of which were the French but possess,
They'd soon form impregnable cones.

E

Vain

*Vain effort!---for certain am I,
That every beholder will own,
Till doomsday, in constant employ,
'Twould be the joint work of the town.
At Horse-Close the company stand,
Their notice the boundaries claim;
For here, at the word of command,
Each candidate starts for the fame⁽¹⁾.
In earnest our lovers were bent
The heart of their charmer to gain,
So off, neck or nothing, they went,
To gallop o'er mountain and plain,
Will's back, tho' caparison'd well,
Less fleet than Highflyer could move;
Nor far could Tom Shuttle's excel
The nag of his rival in love:
But cruel misfortune, more fleet,
O'ertook the competitors twain,
And toss'd honest Will from his seat,
While Tom grappled fast by the mane,*

Ab!

*Ah! welladay! what could be done,
So sad a mishap to repair?---
No matter---the nags gallop'd on,
Tom hanging 'tween hope and despair,
Like one just arouz'd from a trance,
Will, speechless, stood rubbing his eyes,
And, crest-fallen, envy'd the chance
His rival possess'd for the prize,
Constrain'd by the pressure of Fate,
Whose hand indiscriminate deals
Ill-luck to the low and the great,
Tom's head took the start of his heels;
And off flew the youth with a thud,
Nor was it surprizing his head
Went foremost---his heels were of wood,
The noddle constructed of lead:
Nor, Muse, could the simile hold,
Should Fancy attempt to compare
His body to shuttle-cock roll'd,
Or feather that floats in the air:*

Nor

Nor ever can mortals suppose
That Nature inverted her plan;
A ponderous nob and a nose
Were surely most meet for the van.
When Fortune to all their fond schemes
Thus dealt so relentless a sting,
With heart-piercing, sorrowful screams,
And wailing, the welkin did ring.
But Will, in the midst of his woe,
Spy'd Tom in a similar plight;
"Adrabbit!" he cry'd, "is it so?"
And giggled with joy at the sight:
Then presently scamper'd along,
With speed of a Nimrod endu'd,
Amid the acclaims of the throng,
While Tom like a greyhound pursu'd.
Their shanks, when the people perceiv'd
The rivals so nimbly employ,
No longer in pity they griev'd,
But fear was converted to joy:

All

All lustily shouted applause,

*Our lovers were spurr'd by the peals,
And eagerly vied in the cause,*

*Nor let the grass grow at their heels;
Both rapidly flew to the town---*

*But, lackaday! when they got there,
Our hapless competitors found*

*They came a day after the fair;
For Dolly, capricious as wind,*

*Had left both her swains in the lurch;
With Vulcan the farrier join'd,*

*She'd forg'd Hymen's chains in the church,
Ah! cruel, fastidious maid!*

*So solemn a promise to break!
Why bilk the fond youths, who display'd*

*Such perilous feats for thy sake?
But tho' the poor rivals sustain'd*

*So sad a reciprocal shock,
Still this consolation remain'd,*

That neither the other could mock;

F

And

*And as of a bargain that's bad,
'Tis prudent to render the best,
To prove that their hearts were not sad,
They heartily laugh'd at the jest,
To some, who rode safe all the way,
At length a disaster befel;
For bang, topsy-turvy, came they,
In clambering round the Church Well^(k);
But haply no harm was sustain'd,
For none had a paper-thin pate;
And, having due order regain'd,
They march to the Duke's castle-gate;
Where, while the band play "Chevy Chace,"
The freemen receive a regale,
And toast the great Duke^(l) and his race,
In froth-cover'd flagons of ale.
Then hence to the Market-place steer,
Where mustering round the Bull-ring,
"O when shall we meet again here?"
In chorus the multitude sing.*

Each

*Each newly-dubb'd freeman provides
A banquet of liberal store,
And where a young burges's resides,
A holley tree graces the door.
Joy, mirth, and good-humour prevail,
While plenty presides at the board;
Plumb-pudding, roast beef, and good ale,
Are dainties becoming a Lord.
Both Tom and Will guttle with joy,
And merrily quaff the nut-brown,
Forgetting false Doll---because why,
There still were more girls in the town,
Now fiddling and dancing begin,
And, mad with their jolly carouse,
They ring a loud clattering din,
With clusters of nails in their shoes:
A stranger, that travers'd the street,
Might certainly entertain fears,
They'd bring, by their thundering feet,
Some rickety house on his ears.*

PART THE FIFTH AND LAST.

CONCEIVING it proper, anon

The Muse will attempt to display

A list of the sprouts of King John,

Who grew into freeman that day.

Then foremost permit her to name

(As guard against pending mischance)

Ben Bolus, of medical fame,

Provided with plaister and lance,

The second, that honour'd the throng,

Was Splitfig, a grocer by trade;

Then Whipcord the sadler, who long

Had pass'd for a vapouring blade,

That ruby-faced bibber of gin,

Jack Chip, whose insatiable maw

(Mere suction-pipe of an ill skin)

Brings oceans of bub to his jaw,

Tom

*Tom Catgut, a scraper of airs,
Jack Putty, a vamer of panes ;
Young Razor the barber, who wears
More meal in his noddle than brains.
Luke Lapstone the cobbler ; and Hugh,
Well practis'd in dressing a hide ;
Tom Shuttle, Will Cabbage, the two,
Whom Vulcan had chous'd of a bride.
Nick Qui-tam, a sprig of the law,
Who since hath exerted his skill,
Mankind into quarrels to draw,
For quarrels bring grist to his mill.
Dame Fortune, that frolicsome jade,
No cause had our freemen to fear ;
What harm could their safety invade,
Thus guarded in front and in rear ?
Themselves they may proudly console,
Who thus can exultingly sing---
" Tho' drench'd in so dirty a hole,
" We follow the steps of a King!"*

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EXPLANATORY NOTES,

REFERRED TO IN THE TEXT.

(a) *The Chamberlains and Four-and-twenty, a body of gentlemen chosen to govern and regulate the affairs of the borough.*

(b) *Duke of Northumberland.*

(c) *The Western gate of the town.*

(d) *Moorgrievs, or rangers of the common.*

(e) *The renter of St. Margaret's farm, in consideration of being permitted to water his cattle on the town's common, makes it a custom to regale the company composing this annual procession, with ale or spirituous liquors.*

(f) *Twinley Cairns.*

(g) *On their return, at the above place, every freeholder then present pays one penny to the Duke of Northumberland's bailiff, being an acknowledgment of his Grace's superiority as Lord of the Manor.*

(h) *Every new-made freeman is, at the same place, obliged to alight, and pick up a stone from the common, (for which, it must be confessed, he need not search long in vain, that article being the predominant produce of many parts of the land) and place it on a heap, which, it is natural to suppose, might, long 'ere this time, have attained to the magnitude of St. Paul's Cathedral, had strict justice been rendered to the accumulation ever since the days of their sagacious patron, King John!*

(i) *For the honour of what is termed "winning the boundaries," every new-made freeman is emulous in a display of his dexterity in horsemanship: and he, who first reaches Rottenrow Tower, about a quarter of a mile from
the*

the town, is pronounced the victor. No other reward, however, is attached to this feat, than the bare name of being "the winner."

(k) This Well is situated at the foot of an almost perpendicular declivity; and the young freemen (whether from obligation or choice is immaterial) generally ride, or rather clamber, round it.

(l) I may venture to affirm that, in drinking to the illustrious family of PERCY, their mental feelings correspond with their language, and that their expressions of gratitude and esteem flow with sincerity from the heart. No town ever received more from a family;—no family, therefore, merits more from a town!—I cannot conclude this remark without paying a tribute of respect to the PRESENT CHIEF of the Noble House of PERCY: I heartily congratulate the inhabitants of my native place, on their being honoured with the almost constant presence, and residence at the magnificent Castle of Alnwick, of a Nobleman, who inherits not only the princely fortune, but the splendid virtues of his illustrious predecessors. Liberality, Philanthropy, and Hospitality, forming the most prominent features of his character, diffuse a degree of spirit and animation through the country, that forms a striking example to the Rich, and a source of happiness to the Poor.

THE BELLOWS, &c.

*A TRADESMAN once, of civic fame,
(But whom the Muse forbears to name,
Lest she might merit public blame,
For wounding private honour)
Was wedded to a dame, renown'd
For craftiness and art profound,
And, tho' with Venus' charms not crown'd,
Some beauty bloom'd upon her.*

*But then this homely city wife
(For all who travel marry'd life
Are subject to domestic strife)
Was plagu'd with jealous fancies :
Miss Polly, in her romping days,
(Not much, indeed, to parents' praise)
Far less her bible read than plays,
Or novels and romances.*

H

'Tis

'Tis very true, her am'rous spouse
Gave ample cause her fears to rouse,
For John o'erleap'd his nuptial vows

On every sly occasion :

No pretty maid could Mary keep,
But John would ogle, squint, and peep,
And oft, while spousy feign'd to sleep,

Desert his lawful station.

The Muse, who seldom feels inclin'd,
With female weakness fault to find,
Must here allow that Mary's mind

For grief had ample reason ;

For who can think a woman's heart
Could pardon to a crime impart,
That prob'd her bosom with the dart

Of such domestic treason ?

Their conduct prov'd that opulence
Could not the joys of life dispense,
For, bless'd beyond a competence,

Still something more was wanted:

'Twas

'Twas this, indeed, that seem'd to be

The bane of their felicity---

No branch had issu'd from the tree,

Which Hymen's favour planted.

But here the Muse would, by the bye,

Make one weak effort to decry,

And check a mal-propensity,

Too much mankind pervading :---

That hapless pair, whose wedded state

Proves sterile and degenerate,

Too often bears sarcastic prate,

Sharp rail'ry and upbraiding.

"How!" cries a friend, addressing John,

"Shall all your years drag fruitless on?"

"Pray set the parish priest upon

"The business, or church-warden!"

"Lord!" says another, laughing out,

"Why, what a plague are you about?"

"Not yet produced a single sprout,

"To grace the nuptial garden!"

Quaint

*Quaint inuendoes, such as these,
Subverting all domestic ease,
Raise discontents and jealousies,
And cause recriminations.*

*This truth, indeed, must be confess'd,
To brook such taunts, the human breast
Should, like a stoic's, be possess'd*

*Of philosophic patience.
Let mortals, therefore, take advice,
Nor touch upon a point so nice,
For scorn's a cank'ring cockatrice,*

*That stings the mental feeling :
More honour would to man redound,
Did prudence but his conduct bound,
Nor strive to lacerate the wound,*

*Which stands in need of healing.
John, vex'd to find his nuptial toil
Long wasted on a barren soil,
Determin'd Fate no more should foil,*

Or cloud his future pleasure ;

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to try, at any rate,

To get a son for his estate,

Who, though born illegitimate,

Should heir his name and treasure :

Conceiving, if he gain'd his aim,

'Twould consequently throw the blame

Upon his wife, and raise his fame

Above the world's derision ;

And hoping, if he could prevail

On Betty with his am'rous tale,

His future efforts could not fail,

By such a coalition.

Now Mary set her wits to play,

Resolv'd to find a certain way,

Whereby she might, some future day,

Develope all his lewdness.

A woman's cunning seldom fails

To forge the most alluring tales ;

And what with man so much prevails,

As crafty female shrewdness ?

One night, as they at supper sat,
 (John, half-seas-o'er, and prone to chat)
 She thought no time more fit than that,

To bring her plan to bearing:

Her heaving bosom often sigh'd,
 Meanwhile she all his features ey'd,
 And then the draper's temper try'd,

By thus her mind declaring:---

" My dear, the town's so close and hot,

" That I've a monstrous fever got ;

" Now as we keep a country cot,

" Besides our house in London,

" Fain would I thither soon repair,

" To taste the cooling, fragrant air,

" For should I not take special care,

" My precious health is undone!

" Alas! 'twould grieve me vastly sore,

" To be so quickly from thee tore!

" And would not you my loss deplore,

Should Fate our loves dissever?

" For,

" For, ever since we've wedded been,

" To make your life a tranquil scene

" Of happiness and joy serene,

" Has been my sole endeavour!"

" My love," cries John, " my life, my joy,

" What effort would I not employ,

" Thy raging fever to annoy!"

(For John could well dissemble.)

" O! should my dearest Mary die,

" What would become of wretched I?

" The very thought 'most makes me cry---

" Lord! how I shake and tremble!

" But cease to fret---thy grief assuage---

" For I'll go quickly and engage

" Thy passage in the Highgate stage,

" That goes from town to-morrow ;

" There thou shalt live in splendid ease,

" And snuff the health-reviving breeze,

" Nor rankling pain, nor fell disease,

" Shall torture thee with sorrow."

Then

*Then off he went ;---the cunning fair
Flew quickly up the chamber stair,
Her useful dresses to prepare,*

With success much elated:

*And John returning, tidings brought,
That he had found the coach he sought,
Nor less enraptur'd with the thought,*

To have his passion sated.

Things settled thus, to bed they went---

*No matter how the night was spent,
So they themselves were well content,*

Although 'twere but in sleeping:

Your meddling fools alone will seize

All prying opportunities ;

But into secrets, such as these,

The Muse can ne'er be peeping.

'Tis bootless now for me to tell,

That Mary plann'd her project well---

She here eclips'd ev'n Machiavel,

Of whom historians tell us :

When

*When on the morn our dame arose,
She up to Betty's chamber goes,
And in the bed, between the cloaths,
Conceal'd her fav'rite bellows.*

*Now, who can say that this was not
An artful basis for a plot?
And wiles, by woman's wit begot,
Are oft securely smuggled:*

*Yet by the sequel 'twill appear
Indubitably plain and clear,
Tho' Vice was far outwitted here,
Sly Jealousy was juggled.*

*"Pray, Betty, let no sloth be seen,"
She said, "but keep the chambers clean,
"And if I find you've careful been,
"While I'm gone from the city,
"My satisfaction I will own,
"As soon as I return to town,
"By giving you---perhaps a gown,
"Or something very pretty."*

K

Now

Now Mary takes her leave anon,
Conducted to the coach by John,
Who doubtless wish'd her fairly gone,
And long'd to see her seated :

Off went the coach---our letch'rous blade
Posts homeward to attend his trade---
Perhaps to woo the pretty maid,

Whose charms his lust had heated.

What pass'd in absence of the dame,
The Muse would hold herself to blame,
To know, much more repeat the same,

And therefore begs excusing :

For did she ev'n the secret know,
'Twould very little prudence show,
So great an odium thus to throw,

All confidence abusing :

Howe'er it was, suppose we say
They pass'd the night in harmless way ;
And this conjecture surely may

Be form'd without offending.

'Tis

'Tis generous in the human mind,
To others foibles to be blind---
Suspicious hearts, we always find,
Stand most in need of mending.

Few days elaps'd before the dame
From Highgate, unexpected, came :
John star'd, and Betty blush'd with shame---

Themselves best knew the reason :

" Good God!" the draper cries, " my dear,

" You've met with some mishap, I fear!

" Else what so soon directs you here,

" In this delightful season?"

" O dear!" says she, " this pleasing sight

" Has vastly calm'd my dreadful fright ;---

" I dreamt our house was robb'd last night,

" By many desp'rate fellows!

" Indeed I thought we lost the whole;

" But what excited most my dole,

" I dreamt the wicked villains stole

" My silver-mounted bellows!"

" Hey-

"Heyday!" cries John, "why then it seems

"You credit foolish, idle dreams,

"Which ever are, like ice-skin'd streams,

"But slippery and deceiving:

"No robbers have molested me;

"All things are safe, as they should be---

"Nay, search the house yourself, and see,

"For seeing is believing."

Now feigning to dispel her fears,

Our dame more tranquil soon appears---

She had indeed, for many years,

Been practis'd in dissembling:

Then in she goes---but looking round,

No darling bellows could be found;

"They're gone!"--she scream'd with piercing sound,

While guilty Bet stood trembling.

"Lord, Ma'am!" says Bet, "I do declare,

"No living soul could take more care;

"I know not how they're gone, or where,

"Nor since you went have seen 'em."

"You

"You saucy slut!" rejoins the dame,

"You well may blush with burning shame;

"And, husband, you are much to blame,

"That never made her clean 'em!"---

'Midst grumbling, scolding, noise, and rout,

In vain they rummag'd all about,

For still no bellows were found out,---

The wife continu'd scolding:

Till ending where the search began,

Absorb'd in choler, down she ran,

To ruminate on future plan,

And fit it for unfolding.

With anger flashing in her eyes,

At length she to the draper flies,

And, naming all her injuries,

With vengeful protestations,

Declar'd, t' expose the wicked scene

That recently had pass'd between

Her maid and him, she'd straight convene

Both his and her relations.

*The fav'rite bellows of the dame
 Thus blew the house in such a flame,
 That, maugre John, relations came
 To hear his vice expounded.*

*The wife recites a string of woes,
 Then, follow'd by the groupe, she goes
 Up stairs---but, turning down the cloaths,
 Poor creature! how confounded!*

*Perceiving not the bellows there,
 She stands aghast, with wond'ring stare,
 Not once suspecting Betty's care
 Had thus her plans disjointed:*

*But still with burning choler glow'd,
 And many an angry glance bestow'd;
 While John and Betty both were proud
 To see her disappointed.*

*Sly Bet, (an artful jade!) when first
 Her mistress into fury burst,
 Conceiv'd (for guilt suspects the worst)
 The termagant was jealous:*

A copious

*A copious flood of tears she shed,
Then threw herself upon the bed,
And, but for cloaths, had broke her head
Upon the hidden bellows.*

*"Odrot you!" cries the weeping maid,
"Is't there you've been so snugly laid,
"Our peace and comfort to invade?"*

*"My character purloining!"
And straight, to skreen her from the shame
Of neighbours' talk and public blame,
Mov'd to a dormant bed the same,*

*That stood in room adjoining.
While round the bed in silent mood,
Amaz'd, the pond'ring party stood,
Bet, slipping out, return'd with rude*

*Distracted looks, and screaming:
"It must have sure the devil been,
"For in yon vacant bed, between
"The cloaths, I've just the bellows seen,
"The cause of all your dreaming!"*

Scarce

*Scarce thinking Bet's assertion true,
The friends resolv'd to take a view,
And so with Mary all withdrew,*

Wrapt up in dubious wonder:

*As Jealousy is often blind
To real truth---so Mary's mind,
Absorb'd in doubt, is half inclin'd*

To think she'd made a blunder!

*True Love's the balm of wedded life,
That mutual reigns 'tween man and wife;
While Prudence, soothing Care and Strife,*

Domestic Comfort mellows,

*Now all relations interpose
To heal their joy-corroding woes;
And John ne'er wantons 'neath the rose,*

For fear of Mary's BELLOWS!

LOVE

LOVE IN AN OVEN, &c.

*WHILE men by constant practice teach
Th' exact reverse of what they preach,
No wonder moral precepts fail,
When those within Religion's pale
Pollute the breath of Virtue's gale.*

*A Baker once in London dwelt,
Who long the stings of Fortune felt;
The only comfort of whose life
Was center'd in a pretty wife:
Though beauty's oft a gaudy blind,
To hide deformities of mind---
A kind of fascinating net,
For heedless mankind ever set.
Not so with Kate, for Nature's care
Had form'd her chaste as well as fair:*

M

Phy-

*Physicians, Lawyers, Parsons, Clerks,
Lords, Knights, and Merchants, (gallant sparks!)
Long vainly hop'd, in lapsing time,
A golden bait might gild the crime;
Nor left unpractis'd any art,
That could seduce a female heart.
Oft, when she urg'd the sin to roam,
And slight a loving wife at home,
She was inform'd by reverend dad,
What concubines King David had,
No reason, therefore, could he see,
Why other men, as well as he,
Might not enjoy polygamy!*

*The son of Galen understood
Variety would purge the blood,
Create digestion, and remove
The languor of connubial love.*

*The lawyer titter'd loud, because
She talk'd to him of Virtue's laws,
Which he affirm'd were full of flaws;*

Such

*Such vain, delusive, silly rules,
 Were only meant for knaves and fools:
 And small her joys with Baker John,
 Compar'd to those of sweet Crim. Con.!*

*For some time past the Baker's trade
 Had dwindled and so much decay'd,
 That (maugre all his toil and care)
 He could not keep his matters square:
 A pensive, melancholy gloom
 Had quite obscur'd his wonted bloom.
 Perceiving this, his faithful wife
 Conceiv'd a plan to soothe his strike;
 And now, to put her scheme to test,
 She thus her joyless mate address'd:—*

*“ I long have been the darling mark
 “ Of parish Warden, Priest, and Clerk;
 “ Each views me with lascivious eye,
 “ And woos me often to comply:
 “ But proof against so foul a stain,
 “ They spread their golden lures in vain:*

“ Believe

"Believe me still, my dearest life,

"Your faithful, fond, and loving wife;

"Still to my bridal bed most true,

"No man on earth I prize like you!"

Absorb'd in terror and amaze,

The Baker on his wife did gaze;

And almost petrify'd with fear,

Thus interrupts:--"My lovely dear!

"What mean'st thou by this strange address?"

"O do not add to my distress!"--

"My dear!" replies the beauteous dame,

"O let not foul Suspicion's flame

"My virtue prematurely blame!

"A mind, with love and candour fraught,

"Will banish ev'ry jealous thought:

"Then do but hear me, and you'll find,

"I still am constant, true, and kind."

"O pardon me!" the Baker cries,

"Thou brightest jewel that I prize!

Thou

"Thou soft perfection! fairest gem!

"That well might grace a diadem!

"Convinced am I, what you propose

"Will prove a cordial to my woes."

Not having hitherto digress'd,

The Muse would now a hint suggest:

A vulgar notion has prevail'd,

(Though here the trite position fail'd)

That lovers, coupled man and wife,

Commence a fretful, snarling life,

Will stretch and yawn, upbraid and growl,

And at each other snap and scowl:

But, though the Muse admits the case

Too oft may wedded life disgrace,

She still insists on naming one

Exception---that's in Kate and John;

So truly blest'd in Hymen's boon,

Their life's a constant honey-moon,

Thus Kate resum'd:---"Now I propose,

"That, feigning with their views to close,

N

"I first

" I first secure the proffer'd price
" Of all these lewd seducers' vice,
" And then appoint convenient times
" For them to act their wicked crimes:
" If you can punish, I'll take care
" To lead the poachers to the snare.
" Next Sunday I'll commence my charge,
" Meantime we'll fix the plan at large."

This project pleas'd him to the life,
And John embraced his loving wife.

At length th' appointed Sunday came,
To church repair'd the blushing dame:
The thought of ev'n a feign'd disgrace
With glowing blushes dy'd her face;
And, musing on the letchers' doom,
Resentment flush'd a higher bloom.
Scarce seated, 'ere the lovely prize
Attracted their adult'rous eyes:
The Priest, forsooth, by love perplex'd,
Leap'd o'er the fences of his text,

And

*And rambling in the Cyprian fields,
Extoll'd the joys that beauty yields.
Alike bewilder'd, now and then,
The raptur'd Clerk cried out---Amen!
And Dip, (as subtle as a fox)
Who often drains the pauper's box,
Now posts himself our heroine nigh,
And views her with a carnal eye.*

*The service ended, from her pew,
With modest port, the dame withdrew,
And wending home with easy pace,
The pious men her journey trace;
But, foremost of the gallant three,
The Priest salutes with low congee,
Which both the Clerk and Warden see,
And stand aloof. 'Tis meet, indeed,
The Doctor should his man precede.*

*Now buoy'd by hope, his Reverence,
With all his power of eloquence,*

The

*The wary matron's truth essay'd,
And, while his rhet'ric he display'd,
The scriptures quoted in his aid,
But here, pretending to comply,
The crafty Cath'rine heav'd a sigh,
And vow'd no man, save only one,
Should circumvent her husband John;
Yet one there was, she would confess;
And who that was----the Priest might guess!
If he would come at half past seven,
Admission should be gladly given;
For John would then be getting drunk,
Or rev'ling with some fav'rite punk.
The bargain struck, they quickly part,
The Priest jogg'd home with joyous heart:
But scarce had he got out of sight,
'Ere Drone-stave scour'd with all his might,
And, much inflam'd with passion foul,
"Pour'd out the rapture of his soul,"*

In

*In such a drawling, languid strain,
As might contempt, not favour, gain.
Kate, smiling, cheer'd the hoary wight,
And whisper'd him to come at eight:
Then with a feign'd complacent look,
Her leave the blooming idol took.*

*The Warden, who must next embark,
In secret curs'd th' intruding Clerk,
For having dar'd to violate
The claims of his exalted state;
For Dip conceiv'd a prior right
Was due to his parochial weight.
He roll'd as fast along the road,
As gouty stumps and bulk allow'd,
And soon the blushing dame assail'd,
Who lagg'd on purpose to be hail'd:
Nor woo'd the Warden long in vain,
For Kate did soon compliance feign;
And that she might his love requite,
The happy time was half past eight.*

O

Things

*Things settled thus, fair Kate trudg'd on,
And told the news to honest John,
Who, highly pleas'd to hear the same,
Embraced with joy his lovely dame.
They pass'd the remnant of the day,
Concerting how their scheme to play.*

*Tb' appointed time at length draws near,
And John retires to quaff his beer;
While Kate, attir'd in all her best,
Prepares to greet her holy guest.*

*So true was Cantwell to his time,
The clock had hardly ceas'd to chime,
'Ere he approach'd with gentle tap,
While Kate, obedient to the rap,
Admits his Rev'rence in a trice,
Who soon pays down the bargain'd price:
But that his aim might be delay'd,
A thousand pretty things she said,
Commented largely on the shame
Attach'd to lewd and carnal flame;*

That,

*That, saving him, no mortal man
Her spotless virtue should trepan.
This tickled so the Priest's desire,
And fann'd up all his am'rous fire,
That, clasping Kate within his arms,
He would-----but now a rap alarms!
" O lackaday! my husband's near!
" He'll murder you, I greatly fear!
" Conceal yourself!---for God's sake, do!
" The savage man will butcher you!
" Hide! quickly hide!"-----" O tell me where!"
Exclaims the Priest, with ghastly stare.
" Alas!" cries Kate, " now comes the time,
" We must atone for this vile crime:
" Come hither, Sir! we're both undone,
" Unless we can his fury shun:
" Your danger most distracts my mind;
" Can you no place of safety find?
" The oven's warm---else that might hide."
" O never mind!" the Priest replied;*

And

*And in he creeps---his artful guard
Shuts closely up her pious ward;
Then flies to greet her second spark,
And ushers in the droning Clerk.
With complaisance and study'd smiles,
The tardy moments she beguiles---
Till at the door a rat-tit-tat
Now interrupts their pleasing chat.
Alarm'd, the poor Precentor cried,
"Who's that?"---"My husband!" Kate replied,
"I know his knock---O quickly hide!
"Alas! he'll murder us, I fear!
"For Heav'n's sake, Sir, do creep in here!
"Lie snug and silent to the right,
"And I'll release you in the night."
Then crawling in, our crafty fair
Encloses safe the rival pair;
And running quickly to the door,
Admits the guardian of the poor,*

Who,

*Who, eager to commit a sin,
Rolls his unwieldy body in;
But scarce transfers the shining ore,
'Ere thund'ring knocks assail the door.
Now, conscious of his evil deeds,
To carnal love, remorse succeeds;
And, while the Baker louder knocks,
Swears restitution to the box,
Vows every shilling to restore,
That he had pilfer'd from the poor;
Protests no more to gormandize
On parish turtle, fowls, and pies.
"What shall I do?---Where shall I hide?"
"O Sir, the oven!" Kate replied.
He views the hole, and then the dame,
While terror chill'd his trembling frame:
"What! hide me there?---Now, as I live,
"This is a sad alternative!"
At length, reluctant, Dip complies,
To fill the place of loaves and pies:*

P.

So

*So in he rolls, of sense bereft,
And Kate directs him to the left;
Then flies to meet her husband John,
To tell how rarely things go on.
She opes the door---with clam'rous din,
The Baker now comes reeling in;
For John intoxication feigns,
With hoarse vociferation strains,
And venting forth pretended ire,
Commands his wife to light a fire,
"My dear," says Kate, "'twill do us harm,
"The weather is so vastly warm."
"Poh! don't tell me, thou slattern sloven!
"By Jupiter, I'll heat the oven!
"Here, damme, let me strike a light,
"For---hickup---I must bake to-night."*

*Entangled in this fiery lurch,
Our lusty pillars of the church,
Thus closely furnaced, seem'd to be
Nebuchadnezzar's holy three,*

Sha-

Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego,
Once doom'd to make wrath's embers glow.
Hard heads, with many a dreadful bang,
Like barbers' blocks, in contact twang;
While round they sprawl, and punch, and kick---
'Tis lucky, faith, their skulls are thick,
Or woe betide the scanty brains,
Each sorely-fractur'd nob contains.

The Baker, lest th' encreasing heat
Might scorch his guests like roasted meat,
At length removes the closing fence,
To let the pris'ners sally thence.

But, eager to escape at once,
Each quick projects his wither'd scone:

By which they meet a dire mishap---
Their shoulders, larger than the gap,
All three fix faster in the trap.

But John conceiv'd his friendly aid
No longer ought to be delay'd,
And therefore shov'd them retrograde;

Till

*Till having made the passage clear,
He dragg'd them singly from the snare :
While Kate a certain liquid got,
To sluice the letchers kissing hot :
And John, assuming sov'reign law,
Swore not a man should thence withdraw,
Nor quit his house, until such time
As all the parish knew their crime.
They begg'd the Baker to restrain
His vengeance—but they begg'd in vain ;
Until at last a potent bribe
Enlarg'd the par-bak'd rival tribe ;
Who sneak'd away, but not before
They'd been completely scented o'er :
Which quite subdu'd their carnal flame,
And made them curse the crafty dame !*

THE

THE
SAILOR AND THE MONKIES.

*AS we in Monkies often trace
A semblance of the human race,
In ev'ry action so expert,
They favour man with mimic art;
So may we (not to error blind)
'Mongst human species often find
Some traces of the Monkey kind,
Yet while we to a fact agree,
That can't be controverted, we
Applaud the Monkies, but contemn
The fribbling fools, who mimic them.*

*A Sailor ventur'd once on shore,
Upon the coast of Labradore;*

For Jack was (what few seamen are)

As well a merchant as a tar;

And thought it still the wifest way,

While Phæbus shone, to make his hay.

'Twas traffic, then, that led him there,

To vend, for money, woollen ware;

Fine scarlet night-caps, cheap and new,

All border'd round with white and blue.

Jack, having travell'd many miles,

Conceiv'd a sleep might soothe his toils,

And, circummur'd within a wood,

Near which no shelt'ring bovel stood,

He wrapt his nob in woollen cap,

And on the turf reclin'd to nap:

But scarce had Morpheus' balmy wings

Fann'd him to sleep, 'ere all his things

Were by a groupe of Monkies stole,

Who soon found means to use the whole.

Demure as proud scholastic prigs,

They croak'd like men in legal wigs:

Their

*Their gravity, indeed, was such,
As might beseem the boorish Dutch,
In greasy caps, when first the States
Declaim'd in most profound debates.*

*Disturb'd by their discordant noise,
And rous'd from all his tranquil joys,
Amaz'd, the yawning Sailor sees
The robbers mounted on the trees,
Bedizon'd each in scarlet hood,
While, quite chagrin'd, he raving stood;
He swore, he jump'd, he squar'd---and they
Still tried to imitate his way.*

*Jack strove his night-caps to regain,
But all his efforts were in vain.
What use, when all the rest were gone,
To keep poor solitary one?
So that upon the ground he threw---
"Here, damn your bloods! take this one too!"
But this he had no sooner done,
Than down the trees the Monkies run,*

And,

*And, mimicking the naval clown,
 Each doff'd its cap, and threw it down.
 Perceiving this, without delay,
 Jack, like a tyger, seiz'd the prey,
 Took up his load, and trudg'd away!*

11: 7: 49

FINIS.